

# THE COLLEGE CORD

VOL. 16

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NO. 3

## Dr. Clausen Extends Christmas Message

### "What Does Christmas Mean To You?"

In one of our western provinces the lonely settlers gathered for a party in one of the more spacious homes. A young couple brought their infant child and left it asleep on the bed while they enjoyed the party. When they went to arouse the baby to take it home, it was dead. Later-arriving guests had not noticed the child and laid their wraps and coats on it. Thus it had been suffocated. This story becomes a parable of the way in which the holy and divine and saving and transforming essence of Christmas has been suffocated by the weight of secular and material trappings. Even unbelievers can celebrate such a Christmas which has degenerated from a holy day into a holiday. May I ask you to search your heart and conscience as you give answer to yourself to the question: What does Christmas mean to you?

As professors and students, Christmas obviously means a welcome let-down, relief and release from routine of preparation for work in the class rooms. It may mean for some of us an opportunity for reunion with dear relations and friends from whom distance has separated us. Then there are the gifts, parties, and all those touches of sentiment and sentimentality which go into the making of what the average person calls Christmas—a synthetic convention and concoction. We are the last to deprecate taking long and deep draughts of the swell of wholesome joy and sincere friendship. Christmas is a synonym for joy and goodwill. But who will keep the beautiful



### Waterloo College Formally Welcomes Miss McLaren

Here are the facts that we have been able to assemble about our Miss McLaren. She was born and brought up at Hensall, a small village of Western Ontario. After attending Exeter High School, she went to the University of Western Ontario where she specialized in English and history. She followed up her work at Western with two years post-graduate study at Toronto University. Then she became an assistant professor of English at Western.

### Debating Committee Hopes to Organize A Team.

Debating — another activity for enterprising young co-eds.

In this, the last first-semester issue of the Cord, we hope to arouse some debating enthusiasm. This activity was begun last year when Waterloo and Western held a very interesting debate. The subject then was "Resolved that it is more beneficial to the student to attend a large university than a small university." Undoubtedly you feel, as we do, that this subject is entirely too arbitrary for a college debate.

This year, on the other hand, has produced a highly argumentative subject, and one of current interest. The Western debating team, in a recent correspondence with a Waterloo co-ed, suggested the following as a subject for debate: "Resolved that Canada should join the Pan-American union."

As college students we owe our country the debt of intelligent thought and considered opinions on topics of national significance. And, in the light of the recent re-election of President Roosevelt in the United States, Pan-Americanism becomes a prominent subject. The President has been an ardent worker in the cause of American internationalism.

Would Canada, too, be wise to join this movement? Think about it—

### Dramatic Committee Of Athenaeum Society Plans To Stimulate Interest in Dramatics

At the Athenaeum meeting of November 21, several committees were formed to promote interest in different forms of Athenaeum programmes. One of these committees, by means of which we hope to put life into the Athenaeum Society, is a dramatic committee. Nothing definite has yet been done; after Christmas and examinations there will be an opportunity to introduce new plans and ideas. But we hope even before that time to stimulate interest in dramatics.

This is the only opportunity for those who are interested in acting. We have no dramatic society, and before this time, nothing positive has been done to promote drama in the College. We hope to arouse the latent dramatic talent of the students and use it in their own behalf and that of the Athenaeum Society. But for this, as for any other College activity, we need co-operation and willingness to participate.

We have often heard a certain co-ed speak of acting a Shakespearean play. Perhaps there are others who dream of playing Juliet or Desdemona—or Falstaff! We should be

the good is the enemy of the best.

May we turn to our Bible and learn from the example of the men and women we meet on the first Christmas Day the meaning and blessing of this holy day. To Mary, Christmas meant the birth of the Saviour in "Whom her spirit rejoiced." The shepherds came to see the Messiah in Whom the promises given to Patriarchs and Prophets are fulfilled. The Wise Men from Chaldaea pay homage to the Prince of Light Who has come to vanquish the powers of darkness. Simeon rejoiced in the assurance of salvation which will now "let him depart in peace." All of these people, who figure prominently in the Christmas story, found in Jesus Christ the fulfillment of the deepest yearnings and mystic presentiments of the soul, the Desire of the nations. Do they not make you wish you could share this inner joy with them?

Soon—too soon—Christmas has come and gone. With it depart the lights and colors, the sentimental and ephemeral wrappings of a holiday season. We will settle down again into the routine (perhaps some of us, if honest with ourselves, will call it the rut) of humdrum existence. If Christmas means to you what it did to Mary and other persons mentioned above, then you will taste the joy of salvation which the angel sounded as the keynote of

Waterloo, though smaller than Western, lacks nothing in friendliness. Miss McLaren deals fully and efficiently with the work on her courses. Students, be prepared to discard apathetic attitudes before undertaking lectures with her, even though you will not be overworked.

We can no longer welcome you as a stranger, Miss McLaren, but we still hope to demonstrate our hospitality by encouraging you to share completely the comfortable camaraderie of established membership in our college community.

Christmas: "Unto you is born this day a Saviour!" This joy can be experienced only by a person who knows that "the night is dark and I am far from home," cut off from the loving Father and home because of his rebellion against and defiance of the good and gracious will of that Father. But God does not hate us; He seeks not to hurt and destroy us. On the contrary—and this is the blessed assurance of Christmas—He has loved us with an everlasting love. The proof is the "unspeakable gift" of His only begotten Son. As we look upon the Christ in the manger may we hear Him say, as He reaches His arms toward us: Come home with Me; I will present you to My Father and your Father and you shall know the peace of God which passeth understanding. May Christmas mean this to all of us!

and prepare a debate that will do honour to us as national students of the cause of democracy.

Early in the second semester we will be called upon to produce a debating team. Think about this need, and rally to the cause when you are needed.

### French Club To Present A Salon After Christmas

Mrs. Bale entertained the members of the Salon of the French Circle at her home, Friday evening, December 6th. Fifteen representatives of the literary world of the seventeenth century were present, including Mme. de Rambouillet, Mme. de la Fayette, Voiture, and La Fontaine. Salon in the approved seventeenth century manner, we solved crossword puzzles and sang French songs. Then we were served lunch, and needless to say, we loved it. Thank you very much, Mrs. Bale; we enjoyed ourselves immensely.

The Salon promises to present a most entertaining evening; all "the" people of the period represented by assistant. This meeting of the French Circle will be held after Christmas. There will be announcements on the bulletin boards, so come out and take part.

to look as to think of putting on a Shakespearean play at this point! But here in our little dramatic group you may obtain a great deal of enjoyment and get the practise that may lead to a future career behind the footlights. And our little dramatic group, if well attended and carefully planned, may some day flourish into an organization well able to present Shakespeare's "Great oaks —" you know. We shan't say "if you are interested," for we know you will be, so just talk to a member of the Athenaeum executive or the dramatic committee.

The members of the dramatic committee are Alice Hedderick, Art Moyer and Edgar Gartung.

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Founded 1926

# THE COLLEGE CORD

Editors-in-Chief ..... Alice Hedderick; Angela Boehmer  
 Literaria ..... Jean C. Kramp  
 The Signpost ..... Delphine Hartman  
 Exchange ..... Ilse Mosig; Marg. Rohe  
 Sports ..... Nora Eagar; Dave Dooley  
 Alumni ..... Helen Nairn  
 Special Events ..... Fred Shantz

Class Notes ..... Herb Brennan  
 Faculty Advisor ..... Professor R. C. McIvor  
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## EDITORIAL

The Christmas Cord comes out to wish you all a very happy holiday before you leave. This is the time of year in which the city streets are adorned with red and green and gold decorations, and overflowing with chattering, bustling, Christmas shoppers. It is the time of year in which College students, dreaming pleasantly of a long holiday at home, full of fun and turkey dinner, are awakened with a start to the realization of the dire weeks of reckoning which will succeed their few days of delight and folly.

But there is a Christmas spirit that outshines any dark cloud which may be lurking on the horizon. There is a prevalent friendliness and a spontaneous gaiety that gives warmth to the Christmas season. And beneath this there is a deep, almost devout feeling of goodwill, and an atmosphere of peace even in the midst of war. Perhaps this spirit is the presence of God, which everyone feels, consciously or unconsciously, much more poignantly at Christmas than at any other season of the year. We feel the dearthness of our fellowmen and the beauty of nature much more keenly, whether our happiness is expressed in quiet or in hilarity.

The spirit of Christmas is best expressed in its music.

All of us who were present at the Glee Club's Christmas concert on Thursday evening were thrilled by the lovely carols and the spirit of comradeship. We could not help but see how much each group enjoyed the singing.

The joy of the nativity rang out in the simplicity of the carols; the oft-told story ran through our minds with a new and vivid picture—the shepherds on the hill in Palestine, Mary and Joseph watching the sleeping child. When we sang those well-known and beloved carols at the close of the concert, the eyes of all brightened, a smile of enjoyment and devotion appeared on each face, a note of love sounded in every voice. The music seemed to be urging us to:

"Come to Bethlehem and see  
 Him whose birth the angels sing;  
 Come, adore on bended knee  
 Christ the Lord, the new-born King."

Before we meet again, 1940 will have become a part of the past, and 1941 will have stepped over the threshold.

We shall all be concerned with the problems of a new year, and shall be looking forward to it with eagerness or doubt. What has 1941 in store for us? Will it be a sad year or a happy one; a barren one or a rich one? Will it follow in the footsteps of the years before, a mingling of good and bad, with little change, or will it be the dawn of a new era? And if a change comes, will it be a change for the better or for the worse?

But before these questions trouble our minds, we are sure to bid farewell to the old year with regret. Whatever hardships it has brought, whatever turmoil to the world, whatever sorrow and disillusionment, 1940 will still have for us the dearthness of a familiar thing.

We will forget for a few moments the hardship and sorrow, and recall only the good fortune, the friendships, the happiness and the laughter, that we have had in 1940.

After this last farewell, the old year will be banished to memory, to be dragged out and laughed over occasionally like an old family album. The new year will be our whole concern, and will be met courageously and hopefully whatever doubt or dread there may be.

May 1941 be a year of new happiness, new prosperity, new learning, for us all!

## University of Western Ontario

London, Canada

The dictionary defines "education" as a process, a discipline of mind or character through study or instruction. It may refer also to a stage in the process of training such as a college education. The words "education", "training", "discipline" and "breeding" have, according to usage, similar meanings. They all refer to the various qualities that result from a good college course. A university graduate should show by his speech, bearing, manners, conduct, efficiency and character that he has received the benefits of a college education.

Sometimes, owing to the lack of adjustment of educational procedures to the needs of individual students, a college course fails of its objective. The purpose of administrative control is to correct any defect of this kind.

It is a reproach under which even the greatest institutions of learning suffer that sometimes their graduates cease to be students as soon as they leave college.

A university or college course is of high value when it enables the student who takes it to make the most of his opportunities in after life. It should help him to acquire the knowledge and ability necessary for him to render the greatest service to the community in which he lives.

In this stage of the world's development men of education and ability are more needed than at any time in the past.

For particulars with reference to matriculation standards courses of study, scholarships, etc., write—

The Registrar,  
 University Post Office, London, Ont.



## — LITERARIA —

Last night the stars shone down on the first fall of snow. The ground was lightly dusted with its soft beauty. In the air, the last few flakes were aimlessly drifting to earth. I could feel their moist kisses on my cheeks as I walked home in the chill twilight.

There were no lights burning on the streets. Only the stars, like winking candles, knew the intimate touch of a snowflake's fire. Nestling close to the earth, each flake bared its very heart to the beauty of starlight. For each star in the heavens, a thousand sparkled on the earth.

The God of our fathers must be a great and a good God. Not content with the lush green beauty of the summer, He surpassed Himself in giving a glow of warmth and light to the still winter. Throughout ages the stars will commune with the whitened earth, and from our star the gleaming answer will return through space.

On The Approach  
Of 1941

"A happy new year!" everyone will say,  
"Ring out the old year and ring in the new!"  
And everyone will wear a hectic smile  
And play the fool, as each one tries to hide  
The terror that is gripping at his heart,  
Afraid to face the year that is to come.  
"Ring out the old!"—such an unhappy year,  
Using for its theme the cannon's roar,  
And for its passwords, Murder, Pain and Death;  
And leaving to the unfortunate new year  
A legacy of battles, blood and strife.  
"Ring in the new!"—Who knows what it will bring?  
No one could know, thus from this ignorance  
Of future days is born the awful fear  
That undermines men's souls, turns strong to weak.  
Suspense obsesses all, and all must wait.

A Journey  
Worth Remembering

Judith awakened from her sleep; where was she? Suddenly she remembered. The rumble of wheels, the ear-splitting shriek of a whistle brought her mind to full consciousness. Judith was travelling.

It was still very early; five-thirty according to her watch. Nevertheless Judith was wide awake, for was this not the day for which she had long dreamed? Across Canada to the Pacific coast—what an adventure for a young girl! Cautiously she opened the window blind, for curiosity would be satisfied. She leaned her head on her elbow and looked out at the world of the dawn. Judith gasped with pleasure. Before her

beauty-loving eyes lay a crystal-clear lake in a setting of birches and evergreens. Slanting rays of sunshine touched the lake softly setting a thousand glancing lights a-sparkling. And this was but the beginning! Judith, pressing hard on her elbow, hesitating to look away for even a moment, wondered, "Why didn't I ask the porter for six pillows?"

Judith felt that she could be a Wordsworth at that moment. To extol the haunting beauty of nature, to convey to others something of the exquisite pathos of nature—but words cannot be summoned up at will. Now man came into the picture. In the distance she saw the great smoke stacks of a mine, belching forth great black masses of smoke. Then the building proper came into view, and Judith decided from pictures she had seen, that this was the nickel mine from which so much of the world secured its supply.

Judith leaned back then, but instinctively she knew that she had missed a gem of a lake, and a small house with its garden plot cultivated between huge boulders. When next she turned to the window she saw Sudbury itself, a smoky, grimy town lying quiet in the early morning. At one station where she alighted to walk, Judith saw Indian squaws who had come to meet the train. They appeared to be quite shy, and stood by quietly, clutching their papooses as if half-afraid for their welfare.

By noon the mirror reflected a white-faced Judith. Can even the primitive beauty of untouched nature ease the violent seizures of seasickness? "The joys of travelling," Judith murmured savagely under her breath, when she dared to think. But the porter—the proverbial George or Sam, no doubt—came to her rescue with a soothing southern drawl and a refreshing bottle of tangy ginger-ale.

Eagerly Judith watched as the train came in sight of Lake Superior. First an arm of the lake came into her view, then the lake proper. The water was bluest blue, sparkling in ominous passiveness. Steep shores rose abruptly from the water's edge, and in tiny bays little waves chased each other in endless race to the shore. There were no large maples and elms, yet the lake and its shores seemed ever-changing as the train sped westward.

At Schreiber summer flowers bloomed in profusion. Someone had an eye for the aesthetic things of life. Little girls with tanned faces and thin, dirty legs, offered blueberries in neat containers. Scratched arms bore mute tribute to the careful search for the first-fruits of the blueberry harvest. The "all aboard!" was sounded only too soon.

In pleasant conversation with fellow-travellers, Westerners who were returning home, Judith first realized something of Western friendliness. The pleasure of making new acquaintances served to enhance the beauty of the fallin gdusk. At Nipigon the river of that name hurried grumbling to the sea. The lights of the town winked their welcome to the weary travellers. Now darkness fell, black and impenetrable. Judith could only dream of the morrow, of the rolling lands of the prairies, of the majestic peaks of the Rockies, and on, on to the sea.

Evelyn Cressman.

Only Five Shopping  
Days Till Christmas

'Twas the week before closing  
And all through the Girls' Room  
Everyone was stirring  
Except Cupid's broom.  
—(Poetic license)—

The scene—The G's. R., littered with papers, folders, and three freshettes.

Time—8:38 any morning.

We enter gaily.

We—Good morning. Has the whistle blown?

The Three Freshettes—No.

Bell.

We: Well, here I go. So you Kids have a lecture?

The 3 Fr.: No.

We: Are you up to study?

The 3 Fr.: No.

We (slightly cowed): Oh.

Exit.

Time: 8:41.

We: No one's at lecture; have you seen anyone?

3 Fr.: No.

Enter those gals with 8:40's.

We: Hi!

T.G.W. 8:40's: Good morning—are we late?—Did you see Jean with Bob last night? And Jack had Marg!! etc., etc.

Everyone, except those three glum Frosh, exit.

Time: After Chapel—Seven-Sophs haven't a lecture.

I: Anyone seen Jean's German Book? I have a lecture next hour.

II: No, I have her French though. (Exeunt).

III: I refuse to do any more work before Christmas. Oh gee, we have a hundred lines of Latin for tomorrow. Say, have you handed in your theme?

IV, V, and VI: Well, what do you think?

III: Whew! I suppose we should get one in for to-morrow. But after that I refuse to do any more work before Christmas.

IV, V and VI: Don't forget French to-morrow.

III: Gosh and Henry's coming down at eight.

Exit 3 with much show of ambition.

IV: When's the Cord coming out?

V (Strangles her): Well, that's another off my hands.

VI: Let's all go down for a coke.

VII: Gee I gotta do this Latin.

V and VI (With dampened spirits and guilty consciences): Oh! (Exit 7).

V: Have you written up our last Athenaeum meeting? It has to be in by Wednesday you know. (Now trying that well-known Blinkhorn tact.) I realize you're awfully busy this week, but honestly, no one can write up Ath. meetings as well as you, etc., etc.

VI (In the approved (and desired) manner): Well, I've sorta jotted down a few points. (Hands V nine pages of well-scratched out writing.)

V: That's grand. I'll just copy it. And thanks so much for the trouble.

VI: Not at all. It really didn't take long.

V: You mean you'll do something next time too?

VI: Why certainly. Well, I'll leave you to re-copy it.

(Exit).

V: Will wonders never cease! Now to get down to reading it.

Time: 20 minutes later.

III enters, (Sees V lying on the shelf under the table, tearing her hair, swearing as softly as she possibly can under the circumstances, waving pieces of note-paper in the air) More Cord copy? (is surprised to see V froth at the mouth. Rushes cut to get a glass of water. No water to be found, so fills a running-shoe, and pours the water over V.) Now, what's up?

V (Hoarse with emotion and suppressed curses): She handed in nine pages of Ath. copy and look what I got out of it.

III: There's only four sentences!

V: And we have to get out a Cord! (Telephone rings, III dashes to get it while V pulls her expression into place.)

III (From inside phone booth): Helen around?

V (From behind radiator where a bobby-pin has fallen): No, she went down to Bedford's for breakfast.

III: Oh. (This conversation has greatly annoyed the History 257 class in the Classics room.)

I and II re-enter, having done all the aforementioned work. The Seven-Sophs, with the exception of annihilated IV, go down to get a coke from Nick, and dash to the Reading Room, each insisting on having part of the Globe and Mail and Empire. Desired sections are the Funnies, Bridge Hands, Cross-word Puzzles, and page 6. Having torn the paper into shreds, each settles down to slurp her coke in silence (?) until that dashed whistle blows again.

— Finis —

## REMEMBER—

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**Aims of the Music  
Committee of the  
Athenaeum Society  
In the Field of Hot Jazz**

"Jazz has its nucleus in that peculiarly American institution, the popular song. Since the very beginning of this branch of American music, there has been a soft persistent undercurrent of something real and something fine — something which has very little to do with the intrinsic cheapness of the popular song and something which will outlive all the thousands of such musical nonentities. This underlying qualitative something is hot jazz."—Paul Edward Miller: Yearbook of Swing.

To stimulate a wider interest in and a true appreciation of this true jazz, through the medium of recordings and discussions, will be one of the chief items of the Music Committee of the Athenaeum Society in this field.

An effort will be made to trace the developments of Hot Jazz from its early beginnings in the spirituals, religious hymns, traditional blues, marches and quadrilles of the late 19th century up to the present. Jazz has come a long way since its birth about 1900 and its many developments will be hastily sketched by touching only upon highlights and tracing the history and influence of musical groups and individual musicians.

Most of the time will be spent on the truly good recordings of the present-day jazz bands. The "truly good recordings" will not include such tripe as Shaw's "Begin the Beguine" or Harry James' Tasteless Trumpet screechings or other flashy pseudo-jazz renditions. Nor will you hear the popular songs of the day. The average popular song not only offends the taste of an orchestra characterized by talent and originality but, what is more important, dulls the creative spirit so essential to good jazz.

I also hope to set forth and try to uphold some of my own theories on the worth of some of the present-day bands—pseudo as well as true jazz bands and to speculate on what I believe to be the very limited future of good jazz.

—R. A. MERNER.

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**Editor Reports on  
Officers' Training  
Corps and Auxiliary  
Reserve Unit**

Class notes of this issue are the result of a little discussion between the editors-in-chief and myself. Every day for the past week I have been reminded that Cord copy was due on such and such a day. Finally it got to the stage where I was finding threatening notes in my mail box. This latter event led to the above-mentioned discussion. In this discussion I informed the editor that there were several columns which overlapped with mine and that something drastic would have to be done. The result was that henceforth I am to be O.T.C. reporter as well as the reporter of Class Notes. Hence, for the people who may be unaware of the existence of the O.T.C. course in Waterloo College, I will do my best to give them a description of its activities.

As you know, when the Compulsory Military Training Law was passed, there was an article concerning students attending universities. This article stated that pupils attending colleges would be given a chance to take their military training while at college and thus would be excused from taking the thirty day training period during the school year. Consequently military training was begun soon after school started. Naturally we were anxious to do as much as we could at Waterloo College and our hearts were set on having an Officers Training Corps as well as the ordinary military training. After a good deal of negotiating, a visit to H.Q. of Military District No. 1 at London, where Captain Brock put our case before the authorities, secured us the requisite permission.

Not only can our regular students thus train to qualify as officers, but graduates of other colleges, to a limited number, can be enrolled as part-time students to qualify them to take O.T.C. training. The O.T.C. has an enrollment of about 35 members.

Those students who did not wish to take O.T.C. training for any reason or who are not yet old enough to qualify, form an Auxiliary Reserve Company. This group at present numbers about 18.

The work taken by the two groups varies slightly. Both units take the same type of rifle drill, but the divergence comes in with regards to lectures. The O.T.C. stresses lecture work on map reading, military law, military organization etc., while the Reserve Unit stresses rifle drill and practise more than theory. But it would be wrong to believe that the Reserve Unit does nothing but rifle drill. They too have their lectures on the Use and Care of Small Arms, and the building of obstacles and trenches, etc. In short, both units are given such instruction as will enable them to go to camp in the spring and not be at a disadvantage because of having missed the month's training.

Proof that we are progressing favourably with our training was given on two occasions. The O.T.C. unit paraded for Armistice Day and many of the citizens of the Twin City were heard to comment on their smart appearance. The other occasion was at a review in London where the reviewing officer remarked, "Well done Waterloo, keep it up."

Both units have definite aims. The aim of the reserve unit is to surpass the O.T.C. unit in smartness of appearance. The aim of the O.T.C. unit is to become first class officers. Both

aims tend, in the end, to produce capable men to carry on Canada's war effort.

Thus the citizens of the Twin City can be proud of the work being done at Waterloo College. Our unit is not very large, but if we can send out some capable officers and good soldiers we shall feel that we have done our part.

—Herb. Brennan.

**DITHERY DOX****Let Dithery Dox Be the Doctor**

Dear Dithery Dox:

I go out with two boys. But I find I have not the time to keep up both daters. Perhaps I could find time, but my mother says I'm too young to go so many times a week. What makes things worse is that Mother says I must drop both or anyway choose between the two.

I like both so well. I don't know what to do. Please help me to decide. Both are dating me this week, and Mother threatens—something.

Rushed One.

Answer:

So-sus, how you are degenerating! Is it going to be necessary for us to set up a "Bureau for the Regulation of Dates and Daters," so that our over-popular co-eds will not have to figure out a stagger system dating for themselves.

My dear young woman, surely even you can realize that you can go out with only one man at a time. Sure you could so alternate the dates that you could go out with Johnny one week and with Harry the next, or vice versa. The answer to the question is obvious, and even Mama would be satisfied with such an arrangement. You don't have to go out half a dozen times a week, you know.

But girlie, if I am not asking too personal a question, do you ever do any work? Remember, the fatal day is coming when you will be forced to reveal how much knowledge you have picked up during this first semester, and when that day comes, you will find that you will need more in your head than a good system of arranging a dating timetable.

Dithery Dox, H.M.

**ODE TO AN UNKNOWN EDITOR**

Who is it who  
In times of stress  
Works hard and long  
Without redress?

—The Editor.

Who raves and raves  
And tears his hair,  
And swears and curses  
Beyond compare?

—The Editor.

Who carries on  
Like Jack the Killer  
And raises heck  
For want of filler?

—The Editor.

And who's the lad  
Who takes his guff,  
And turns around  
And writes the stuff?


—Me.

(The Gateway)

**MAN IS A WORM**

He comes, squirms around a bit,  
then some hen gets him.

(Manitoban)

Jewellers  Watchmakers  
**BECKER'S**  
KING ST AT FREDERICK  
KITCHENER, ONT.



# THE SIGN POST

Words, words, words! The way they are arranged makes such a difference! A noun here and there, an occasional verb, a stray adjective, and there lies a whole sentence. This sentence eventually travels, with all its composite parts, to a printer, who spatters it across the white faces of a hundred unsuspecting sheets of paper. In time one of these comes into the hand of the reckless one who first assembled those words from his Shorter Oxford, shook them up, and finally set them down, one after another, in what seemed to him a logical sequence. Oh! but now life has suddenly become complicated. The ninety-nine owners of similar pieces of paper read the sentence with ninety-nine different brains. One reader laughs with it, another at it. A third reader shakes its author's hand, a fourth shakes all of him. A fifth throws him into a snowbank or trips him at the top of the stairs, and so on. The various reactions range from threats of violence to shouts of joy. In a trice havoc is cried, and the dogs of war are let slip. Defending himself bravely, the exhausted author finally falls, sword in hand. Upon his sugar tombstone a sorrowing posterity carves with a toothpick the following inscription:

"Let all scribblers beware!  
He who takes a word shall  
perish by a word."

\* \* \*

And now, with the above-mentioned scribbler safely stowed away under the ground, we dry our eyes and turn to cheerful thoughts. Let's have a little Christmas music to usher in the festivities. Come, come, you ladies in the back row, open the larynx wider!

Now we had better be good, as we, like all the other kiddies, are anxiously hoping for a visit from Santa. The jovial Mr. Claus will have to make a special trip to that rambling red building on the outskirts of Waterloo if he is to fill the stockings of all the inmates this year. What do they want for Christmas? We opened Santa's mail and found the following requests.

Cupid: "A mop with a motor on it."

Dr. Schorten: "A padded cell for the corridor whistlers."

Prof. Hirtle: "A mechanical rat with detachable parts, to entertain the biology class."

Angela: "A self-cranking phonograph with rubber records."

Patsy: "I'm still not sure, but I think it's Bob. Or could it be Charlie?"

Dave: "A lollypop to be the next Athenaeum president. And will he please stop calling himself a sucker?"

The Cord Staff: "A room with a view."

Mr. Hiron: "A pair of suspenders to hold up the high 'C' from the soprano section."

Nora: "Someone to do the work,

while I watch for a change."

Henry N: "June in January, not to mention December."

Connie: "A little Christmas Jean-ality and good cheer."

Herb: "A class which has notes."

Ruth Corner: "Two dozen grasshoppers to replace my P.T. class."

Ruthmarie: "A bird with which to play badminton. Isn't a Martin a kind of bird?"

W.C. Hockey Team: "Just the Stanley Cup!"

Victoria: "A certificate from the P.U.C. to show that streetcars are usually late."

Jean K.: "But what else could I want? I've got Henry."

Professor Klinck: "Umpteen more books for the library, and someone with enough time to read them all."

And so, with festoons of holly hanging from every rafter, will these and many others celebrate the joyous Christmastide.

\* \* \*

New Year's is the accepted time for stock-taking, but as there is usually no January issue of the Cord, we may as well survey things now. According to the most recent inventory we have on hand:

1. One Athenaeum society (with a full-fledged knitting club in affiliation), in by no means as bad a condition as some gloom-merchants seem to think. With the prevailing healthy spirit of discontent, and with all the members kicking one another into action, the Athenaeum has practically pulled itself out of the mire already. Have you a willing hand to keep it moving along?

2. One Glee Club which is unquestionably flourishing. One musical society which is plunging into a thousand fields unvisualized by the mere bookworm. One director who is giving away a priceless education, asking no fees. Have you a creative urge to lend to the Glee Club?

3. One newspaper which has its bad moments, its complications and its triumphs. Eight pages by which many will judge the college. Two editors and a small staff who write copy in the fleeting moments when they might be sleeping, celebrating, or pleasantly loafing, and sometimes when they should be working. Have you an active pen or even an ancient typewriter with which to back them up?

4. One French Circle which provides a pleasant evening now and then, when tea and conversation fill a friendly hour or so. Have you an

## DEL. HARTMAN

occasional moment in which to enjoy yourself in French?

5. Sports of all kinds, an outlet for much of that excess steam which would otherwise carry off the roof. Sports which are providing stiff opposition for all competitors this year. Sports from which no one is barred because he or she has more ambition than actual skill. Badminton, baseball, volleyball, field and track, hockey, basketball, take your choice. Have you speed and skill, or cheers and encouragement to uphold the honour of the College?

With this final accounting our books are open for business in the new year.

\* \* \*

Lastly and very sincerely, the Signpost asks your friendly toleration in 1941, and begs you to enjoy yourselves to the limit in the Christmas holidays. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, the evil results of the Friday-the-thirteenth exam conference will manifest themselves in the dark days of latter January. And so, with Santa half way down the chimney, and his reindeers stamping on the roof, we bid you all

A Merry Christmas  
and  
A Happy New Year.

## CUTTING CLASS

(With apologies to Tennyson, in case you didn't recognize it.)

Sunrise and eight o'clock,  
And one clear call for me,  
And may there be no moaning of  
my prof.,  
I cannot rise, you see.

I'm up to stop the alarm, half dead,  
Too sleepy to rise and roam,  
For I, who jumped from my cosy bed,  
Soon turn home again.

Sunrise and nine o'clock  
And still I slumber well,  
Unmoved by the stirring call  
Of my alarm clock bell.

And tho' my cuts from year to year  
Pile up in mighty masses,  
I hope to see my diploma face to  
face  
If I did cut too many classes.  
(Gateway)

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# SPORT

Nora Eagar

Dave Dooley

## Girls Clean Up On Brescia

### Break Basketball Jinx

In a game that was fast and furious the girls finally broke the basketball jinx that has held them for the past two-years, when, on December 9, in the Collegiate Auditorium, they defeated the Brescia team. The score at the end of the game was Waterloo 15, Brescia 14.

Our co-eds took the lead right from the beginning. Jean Kramp netted a basket in the first few minutes of play. Throughout the first half of the game the passing was good, the shooting accurate; at the end of the second quarter the score favoured Waterloo 8-6.

In the second half of the game the co-eds slackened their pace and indulged in a few wild passes and ragged plays, thus allowing the Brescia team to build up a lead of three points.

Then Mary Fisher scored the basket that brought hope to our girls again. At one minute before the end of the game Brescia was ahead 14-13. The tension was terrific! The scorer and the timekeeper so far forgot their official dignity as to yell their encouragement, waving official notebook and timepiece madly in their effort to cheer the team on. Nor were there cheers in vain, for Jean Kramp came through with the winning basket just seconds before the end of the game. This magnificent play would have caused a riot in the gallery—if there had been a gallery.

### Our 3-Star Selection

1. Jean Kramp—Jean netted the first and last baskets of the game—scored three times altogether. She also suffered a smashed nose, and "surface scratches" on her hand.

2. Lucy Wintermeyer (Brescia)—Scored four baskets for Brescia and played a splendid game throughout.

3. Mary Fisher—was always in the right place at the right time, and scored four baskets for Waterloo.

The players:

Brescia — Dorothy Bevin, Helen Seveney, Gwen Johnson, Lucy Wintermeyer, Mary Wintermeyer, Betty Byrne, Betty Leask, Miriam Fever.

Waterloo — Jean Kramp, Mary Fisher, Anne Kuntz, Ruth Schmieder, Patsy McGarry, Margaret Rohe, June Brock.

### GIRLS WIN BADMINTON

The badminton teams were successful in winning all their matches against the Brescia girls. In the first game Mary Fisher easily defeated Pat Morse of Brescia, 21-0. In the next singles game Ruth Schmieder defeated Lucy Wintermeyer 21-13. Mary Fisher and Jean Kramp then took in the Brescia doubles team of Lucy Wintermeyer and Dorothy Bevin, and won their game by the score 21-6.

It should be noted that all of these badminton players from Waterloo are members of the basketball teams also. These girls played a full-time basketball game before their badminton matches.

## SURVEY OF HOCKEY IN WATERLOO COLLEGE

### Basketball Fans Suggest House League

The Waterloo College hockey team, under the management of Roly Merner, seems to be doing quite well for itself in the industrial League. To date, the boys have played four games, with two wins, one loss, and a tie. This record gives them 5 points, and second place in their section of the league. I think the team deserves a great deal of credit for its efforts, especially when you consider that its opportunities to practise are very few—and practice is absolutely necessary for the development of a winning combination. The reason the College has a hockey team is the enthusiasm of Prof. McIvor, Bev. Bugh, and several others, who decided that a hockey team would be a good thing for the school to have—and then went to work and organized one. They had a lot of difficulties to surmount—finding a league to play in, getting uniforms, goal pads, and other equipment, playing games at 7:30 when they had classes till 7, and many others. But those in charge have gone to a great deal of trouble, and the players have shown a fine spirit.

The only thing wrong is the lack of support shown by the student body. It is indeed lamentable to go to a game and see only a few students there, when there should be forty or fifty. How about getting behind the boys and giving them a boost by attending the next game.

When asked by an interested co-ed "Who is the captain of the team?" I was unable to tell her, but promised to find out as soon as possible, and let her know. It's time the boys elected a captain—you know, one of those fellows who has the authority to "squawk" to the referee when the team thinks it's getting a bad break in decisions.

Much grumbling has been heard around the common room to the effect that all the boys need is skating practice. Why doesn't Mr. Merner march them down to the Aud. once a week and give our heroes a good workout?

The club is very fortunate in having such stars as Bennie Berscht, Bev. Pugh and Cam. Grant on their roster. Grant is a standout in goal. We may safely say that he has been the backbone of the team. Pugh and Berscht are both smart, heady players and always look good—either on offense or defense.

It has been said that Mr. Pugh knows a gentleman who has some experience as a coach, and who is willing to contribute his services in that capacity to the club. Some of the players think it would be a good idea, and after all, perhaps it would be a big help.

Does the manager often use discretion when changing lines? When the team is short-handed, or defending a one-goal lead, for example?

On occasion, it seems to this observer that the second line is not used as often as it might be. The boys hardly get a chance to warm up sometimes. Also, how would Big Dave go on defense?

It is said credit should be given where credit is due. In that case, Bob Eby deserves considerable praise. He firmly stated he was no star, but he has acquitted himself nobly, and has proved to be of considerable value to the team.

The gentleman who plays defense with Mr. Pugh is none other than our Economics teacher, Prof. McIvor. The players rightly acclaim him as a "great guy." He has been out to every game and has shown fine team spirit—as well as playing a fine brand of hockey.

Incidentally—the College seems to have a large number of excellent basketball players. It is a shame that so much ability should go to waste. Couldn't a House League be formed? I am sure these stars of the court would put on some fine exhibitions.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS

### Geranium

'Twas the night after Athy  
And all through the halls  
Rang the voices of six boys,  
A dog, and two dolls.

"They won't accept offices,  
They work much too much;  
They're all on committees:  
The Cord staff and such.

"Why have Athenaeum?  
And why have a Cord?  
No one feels responsible,"  
The past president roared.

"We've got three committees,  
There's no work to do,"  
Outraged the past sec.-treas.  
Joined in the fray too.

The girls also holler,  
The dog starts to bark,  
The boys keep on beefing  
Till—a door opens—hark!

A few minutes later  
Again complaints soared,  
But after an hour,  
All peace was restored.

But did they discover  
What there is to do?  
Oh no—they liked stewing—  
We know you do too.

But we also know you're capable  
of doing more than complaining—if  
you set your mind to it.

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## VOX POP—

Dear Editor:

Why do students not use the Cord as a means of expressing their opinions, ideas, likes and dislikes about the College and its various institutions? Why could we not have a few lively disputes in letter or article form? Many people must have ideas that would give food for thought and perhaps conjure up some practical suggestions for improvement.

A Grumbler.

Answer: This suggestion is one which we have considered seriously. A college paper should express the views of the students. We should be very much interested in seeing such a plan taken up. This idea recalls the Literaria editor's commentary on "Commentary on Affairs" of last year. The Literaria editor invited argument and reply but failed to get any. We are sure, however, that this year there would be a response. Please take "Grumbler's" suggestion, and do your grumbling in the Cord—not necessarily in a letter to Vox Pop, but in an article, or a satire, or even a poem! If you think Athenaeum is slow, don't just go round saying so; write about it to the Cord—tell us why you think so and what you think can be done about it. If you are exasperated because no one turns out to basketball games, tell them off in point! Or if you are concerned with weightier problems of the war, the development of culture, or the future of the college student, please dissert and digress as much as you wish in the Cord.

To the Editor:

It was a good gag, alright! And I hope it results in a flood of copy for the next issue. Up to now, however, it has almost caused the resignation of one member of the Cord staff, a lot of hard feeling, and many headaches for the regular staff and for the editors themselves.

Now don't get me wrong. I sympathize with the Editors-in-chief. They have a difficult job, which none of us would be willing to shoulder, and they are trying very hard to build up a good Cord. I realize that there was a woeful lack of material handled in this past month and that the editors were forced to take some drastic action. It demanded a great deal of courage to leave half the columns blank in order to make the students realize the Cord is theirs and that it is impossible to put together a paper without their support.

In my opinion, however, the Editors made one mistake. It happened that they were so short of news that they were obliged to move the two sports columns, edited by Mr. Doo-ley and myself to the front page, thus leaving the entire sports page blank. (Incidentally these two columns would almost have filled the regular sports page, yet no mention was made of the fact that our copy had been submitted. Indeed, the headline on page six suggested that nothing had been written at all.

With regard to girls' sports, only one event had taken place since the last issue—the exhibition game with St. Mary's High. At this game I was unable to be present, but I did make

arrangements for the game to be written up by someone else. Miss Del. Hartman's account of this game appears on page one. This, I repeat, was the only sports event which took place, yet on turning to page six I found a whole column of empty space waiting for me, which, as I judge from the glaring headlines, I was to fill in with an account of "The Game that Never Was Played," or "Balked Beauties Bewail Belated Basketball Bout," or something of the sort.

It is a good thing to encourage students to write for the College Cord, but I do not think it is necessary to make your regular contributors the goats.

Nora Eagar,  
Editor of Women's Sports.

Answer: Our most sincere apologies.

The Editor,  
The College Cord.

Dear Madame:

May I offer a suggestion? Next time you have fifty blank columns in the Cord, why not fill a few of them with exhortations to buy War Savings Stamps?

College students, and college professors too, are not usually wealthy people. It is for those who are not wealthy that the War Savings Stamps have been put on sale. None of us can afford to buy a Spitfire or a Hurricane, but every 25 cents we can give will do something to help win the war.

I have no wish to discourage the sale of Coca Cola, although it has always seemed to me a singularly loathsome beverage, but why not pass up your next five cokes and lend the quarter that you save to help put an end to Hitler?

Yours for more—and still more—  
War Savings Stamps,  
J. D. Jefferis.

Answer: Dr. Jefferis' suggestion is indeed appropriate; we are glad that this worthy cause has been brought to the attention of the student body.

Dear Sirs:

Have your paper (The College Cord) of Nov. 11 here, and must say I was very much surprised in the way your "Literaria" wrote up our part of the country, and figure I should do something about it, as it is a very misleading article. I happen to be the agent here and have been for the last twenty-six years, and have yet to see this station in the light it is shown in your article.

Let me know at once who was the writer of this article and what was their idea in writing it in such a manner. If my superintendent happened to see this article, there would surely be an investigation. Let me hear from you soon.

Yours, truly,  
Dan Goodwin.

Answer: We regret very much to learn that an essay, entitled the Last Station, and appearing in the Literaria columns of the College Cord, does not meet with your approval.

Let me say that the author is a student who probably spent only a brief time in your village, and got all his information from a few tall stories with which some natives regaled him in the local tavern. We published it solely for its literary value and do not consider that any importance whatever should be attached to it apart from that.

We cannot imagine that this essay will ever come to the attention of the inspector to whom you refer. But if it should, and if he should prefer to accept as true the fanciful picture

therein painted, rather than the evidence of his own eyes and the results of his own observation, you may offer this letter in explanation. We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

I regret very much that I cannot afford to subscribe to the Cord this year.

Your first edition I believe is considerably better than many Cords we have had in the past. You give less space to news items which everyone knows about anyway, and more to new material which seems a good idea to me. All power to you!

It is most interesting to see a woman editor at the head of things. War has some advantages, even though they are few.

With best wishes for your success,  
One member of the class of '36.

The staff is grateful for the encouragement of this graduate. We are glad that a few at least remember the better work before condemning the poorer.

## EXCHANGE

The question of the week:  
"Why is it professors can wear purple ties,  
Haphazard hair cuts, and coats the wrong size,  
Trousers too short and the colour scheme vile,  
Yet flunk me in English because of my style?"

(The Gateway)

The Editor of  
Vox Pop  
wishes you the  
happiest holiday  
possible.

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# Merry Christmas and a Very Happy New Year

## TIME OUT!

Recently a large number of people were buried and imprisoned in debris, which fell about them where they sheltered during a London air raid. The owner of a record-player tells how he kept everyone there in good spirits by operating his machine so that it sounded into the prison through a small aperture, which alone reached to daylight—until the troops could set to work on the unearthing process. He relates how one record, a song by Gracie Fields, was requested more than fifty times. It is strange how men and women wander easily and equably through their existence, until some unusual event or great danger causes them to see aid, to look for help—for the mind—beyond the limits of their own natures. A situation has arisen with which they feel they are incapable of successfully coping. In this case it was a melody that made their spirits rise. This need for help is not a weakness. It is only natural that intelligence confronted with oppressing facts should feel anxiety. What are poets, what are musicians, painters, philosophers for—if not to overset cold reason with the inspiration that makes feasible the possible—though-not probable? Men should not, we think, ostrich-like, look for oblivion from fact; they should not run from reality; but they ought—they have to—find a fresh animation outside of themselves which allows them to present an optimistic challenge to their problem.

All of the thinking of most thoughtful people during the past year has revolved about the war. There are radio reports of bombings, casualties, battles and destruction; the troubles of people already subject to the hardships of the struggle and those that may soon be embroiled; and our own war effort. A little music through the aperture might go a long way for us—to give us the stamina to win our fight.

—The Silhouette.

The new president of Smith College assumed his office recently. He declared his educational policy thus: "If we really believed," he said, "in the benefits of learning, we should not be concerned to provide a cautiously sheltered intellectual life of timid indoctrination with the tame commonplaces of accepted opinion, but we should recognize it as our function to lead them (our students)

with faith and with courage into dangerous company—the company of philosophers and poets, scientists and historians, artists and saints—to meet all their challenging and revolutionary criticism of the standards and the values of the society we live in."

—Hartford, Conn., Times.

## Girls' Reorganization Meeting

On Wednesday, Dec. 11, a meeting of the co-eds was held at twelve thirty-five p.m. Reorganization took place under the chairmanship of Nora Eagar. It was decided that officers should hold position from January to January, this being more convenient than a September to September term.

The results of the election are as follows:

President—Ilse Mosig.

Secretary-Treasurer—Anne Kuntz.

Plans for the girls' annual Christmas banquet were made. Ilse Mosig and Ruthmarie Schmieder had been previously appointed to select a suitable place in which to hold it. The place is Goudies' Maple Dining Room, Wednesday, Dec. 18.

## The S.L.E. Requests

We believe that the various committees set up for the Athenaeum should function more efficiently if each committee receives the support of those students who are interested in its work. We want to discover and utilize your talents. Thus the S.L.E. is preparing a questionnaire of interests, a copy of which will be left in the post-boxes for every student. Questionnaires frequently fail to accomplish satisfactory results because few people answer the questions. We are asking you to make this questionnaire a success by answering promptly. Please help us.

There is another request that we are going to make. Part of our work is the prevention of interference between different college activities. So far we have depended on hearsay report. Some difficulties have occurred. In future we are going to use a more dependable system. A schedule for future events will be posted on the bulletin board and we hope that different college organizations will mark in the date and time of their prospective activities. By this system we desire to keep all the college people aware

of future events in order that clashes may be prevented. Again we ask your co-operation. Thank you.

## BLITZKRIEG

Ah-h-choo!  
What's going on here? What can I do  
To get rid of this snuffle?  
I can't seem to stop it. Of course, it's just piffle  
That I should be catching the 'flu!  
Ah-h-choo!  
It's bomblike somehow, and delayed action type.  
The tantalization of nose irritation  
And a thrillingly tinkling delicate shiver  
Subtly suggest that the time's about ripe  
For another explosion—  
Ah-h-choo!  
With eyes that are bleary and muscles so weary  
I'll drag myself to the Infirmary Ward  
And morosely consider how such a small trifle  
Can convince you completely  
That life's a bit weary.  
Ah-h-choo!  
"What? I have a fever?" That won't ever do!  
I couldn't miss out on the skating and parties—  
Oh, yes—and the lectures—it's perfectly silly—  
But what can you do with the 'flu?  
Ah-h-choo!

—The Gateway.

**What Rugby Means to a Co-ed**  
Placement kick—the act of firing  
Umpire—a commonwealth, e.g., an employee.

the British Umpire.  
Quarter-back—the change received after buying a text-book and one chocolate bar.

Coach—See vehicle.  
First-down—Usually five dollars (the rest one dollar per week perhaps).

Huddle—Type of race, e.g., 120 yard high hurdles.

Pep-talk—Part of Kellogg's advertising campaign.

Water-boy—More often found in the term "watta man."

Forward pass—The act (or art) of making advances to a shy young thing if there are any left.

—The Gateway.

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